

Tarzan

What did Tarzan know. He'd lived alone for thirty four years and then all of a sudden this female dropped out of the sky and made him build a treehouse. In the daytime she ordered him around and at night she mumbled to him in a language he couldn't understand.

"Darling," she said. "My noble savage. You've got so much to give. Call me Jane and get a haircut, won't you?"

He had to admit she was better in the sack than Cheetah, but that could have been because she was taller. Tarzan didn't really know.

"You're not much in the think department, are you, baby?" said Jane a few months after the nuptials. And not long after that she brought out some long pants.

"Put these on stupid," she said. "I don't want you walking around with your yo-yo hanging down when the baby comes. God, what a jerk."

Well, Tarzan understood that all right and he was good and mad: "I pissed," he said, picking up on his sweetheart's vocabulary. But he got it out of his system by diving into the river and opening up an alligator or two.

Somehow he kept a level head all through the pregnancy, but he didn't know what piles were, either. Jane, on the other hand, was treating him worse all the time:

"What about a moniker for junior here," she said one day, "or is that asking too much from a banana-brain?"

"Tantor?" said Tarzan. "Tantor good name. Or Simba. You like Simba?"

"Yea," she said. "Simba's great. 'Ladies and gentlemen, the new President of the United States, Simba.' Honest to Christ. I wonder what I ever saw in a ding-a-ling like you."

It was back to the alligators for Tarzan.

A little later the baby was

born and Jane called it Otto.

"I like that name," she said. "It's the same forwards or backwards."

"That's a stupid reason," her husband said. "Boy's good enough for me." She gave him the finger and locked the bedroom door permanently. Tarzan liked sleeping in the guest room and they got along that way for years. But one day to his utter horror he found that he was impotent.

"Good," said his wife. "I dug it at first, but later on it made me kind of sick."

Tarzan didn't know what to do, none of the roots and herbs he ate worked worth a damn and he didn't trust Jane to suggest a good psychiatrist. Then one day while he was thinking about his problem and Jane was taking a swim his son stopped him in the hall.

"I wish you'd gone to college, Tarz," said Otto. "What if Harvard finds out my old man's a goddamned gorilla?"

Tarzan broke the boy's neck with one deft movement and then he threw his body out the window where the lions ate it. Then he tore off his suit and dove into the river. He crawled along the bottom until he got underneath his wife, then he shot to the surface and opened her up with his trusty knife.

When he got out of the water he discovered he had a hard-on.

"Goddamn it," he said. "That's great." Then he heard a rustling behind him and when he looked over his shoulder and saw Cheeta with a big banana in her mouth he knew everything was going to be all right.